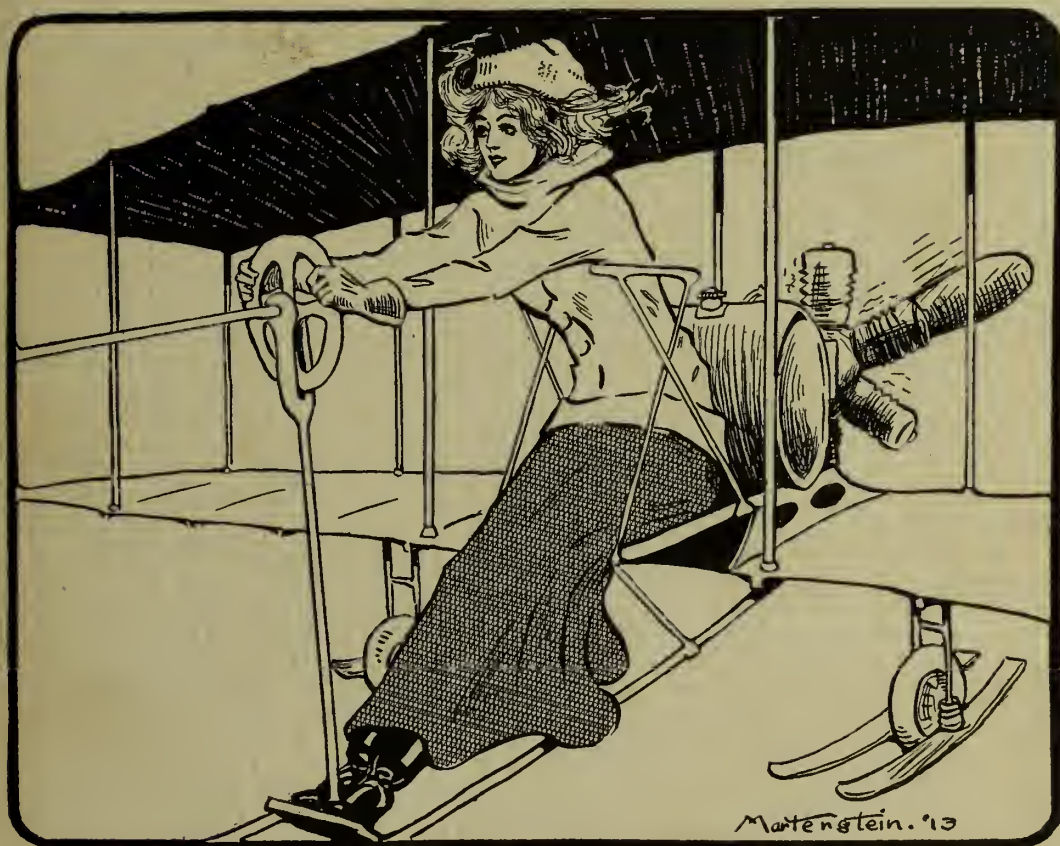


Feb 19 11

THE TIGER



THE GIRLS ISSUE







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To Our
Girls' Basketball Team
Winners of the Coveted Block L

California

Green are thy hills, O fairy land,
And fertile are thy plains,
Where flowers in wild profusion grow,
And summer long remains.

No other land beneath God's sky
Can boast such sylvan bliss,
As thou, "the glory of the West,"
Blessed by the sun's night kiss.

And when it sinks at evening's close,
Out in the Western sea,
Its golden shadows tint thy hills,
In mildest fantasy.

Night falls upon thy lovely lands,
In starlit splendor bright,
And moonbeams dance upon the waves
That kiss the shore at night.

Then wakes in song the nightingale
Through valley, dale and glen,
And flowers drop their tiny heads
Beneath the moonlight then.

There's not a little violet blue,
In all the flowery dells,
But whispers of my love for thee
As to the night wind tells.

There's not a tiny blade of grass
On all your many hills,
But this fond breast with tender love
To overflowing fills.

AIDA TOMPKINS, '14.



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The Spanish Maid

JOHN R. BRUCE, '12.

The sun rose on the camp of the gallant 76th as Dumlin gave his helmet a last snappy brush and marched to inspection. A dark-eyed beauty of the Spanish type paused in filling her earthen pitcher to gaze at the retreating figure. Her thick lips pouted her disappointment. Young Dumlin had not kissed her that morning. She turned and faced the guard who kept the ammunition. He had spoken. What did he say? She looked up to him.

"Hello, nigger doll," he repeated.

The long lashed eyes flashed and she framed a reply, but suddenly thinking, quietly slunk away. "Beasts," she muttered; "there is only one gentleman among you."

Teddy Dumlin came hurrying back after roll call. He had won another "ex" in the line and felt proud. He stopped to put away his gun and light a cigarette as he saw the troopers coming down the avenue. They lifted him bodily and sat him in the gorge, where all the soldiers met to tell yarns and have a little play. Before long the play grew exciting and month's wages changed hands rapidly. The sentry passed on the upper edge.

"Shut yer noise, you fellers," he growled, "or else I'll queer you all."

The men quieted down but still played on. Little Tim, the bugler, moved over to Dumlin. He and Dumlin were the youngest of the company and naturally sought each other's company. Neither was over seventeen and each rose to a height of five feet two inches. Of the two Dumlin was far superior in strength and Tim always let his companion rule supreme.

"I saw our doll a little while ago," volunteered Tim.

"Since when was she *our* doll?"

"Oh, well," said Tim, "the fellows call her that."

"Never mind the fellows. She's *my* doll. Don't let me hear you say *our* doll again."

"Can't ever look at her?"

"Sure you can; let's go now."

The two friends went to find the little Spanish beauty. After going through a dense grove they entered an open clearing. Tiny Louisa sat at her hut door chipping maize. As she saw them coming she dropped her work and ran to the upper window. She opened the latticed window, gently pushed the roses aside and leaned out. The newcomers stood and gazed. Her dimpled, tan-hued face pressed through the rose leaves; the plump yet dainty arms, bare to the elbows, held the thorny bush, and two long, black tresses hung tangled

in the flowers. She plucked two roses, cast one to the earth and placed the other in her hair.

Dumlin came out of the mad scramble that ensued victorious, and Tim, feeling he was not wanted, returned to camp. Louisa smiled her approval and soon Ted fell off the rose bush in an attempt to reach her.

"Come down, Louisa," he said, "and I'll chip the corn for you."

She withdrew and pattered down the old stairs. Looking out shyly she at last stepped out and seated herself at her work. Teddy Dumlin watched her diligent fingers ripping off the sheaves and wondered how she would be taken by the older people at home. "Pa fights Spaniards every time," he murmured, "still when he sees this one things will change."

And as he mused two swarthy Spaniard woodburners suddenly appeared and grabbed him roughly.

"The young dog in blue," said one, while the little Spanish beauty ran screaming into the house.

Dumlin, thinking of Louisa, showed a brave front. His mind quickly conceived that he was in the hands of villains and far from camp. He wondered how the old folks would take his death; whether father would forgive and forget his runaway son, or whether uncle would conclude with his always ready slur, "No good, no how."

He felt for his revolver, only to find it in the possession of another man who stood and looked on, deeply amused.

"How the young un fights," said the on-looker; "he'll be good for the hogs to feed upon."

Dumlin felt the grasp tighten around his throat, he heard the huge fingers rip away his collar, and then he gasped for breath and fell.

* * * * *

He was pleased that it was so. He felt tired, bored to death; the very atmosphere depressed him; yet he was glad. "Louisa saw me fight," he murmured; "odds were too great. Still I proved that I can fight. I hope she saw it all."

The dampness chilled his very bones and he groped about. Wherever his fingers touched he felt the cold, moist stones.

"A dungeon," he gasped; "my heavens, where am I?" Rising, he saw a barred window. He peered outside and saw the rose bush, the same as he had seen before.

"Louisa's home," he surmized; then he heard footsteps.

Three callous-looking men entered. He recognized the two backmost, but the little man between them was a stranger. They closed the door but the sun was now shining through the window.

"Well, young un," began the middle man, who was evidently their leader, "how goes it?" Dumlin held his peace.

"Not a very civil brat, are you? What's your name?"

"Theodore Dumlin, first guardsman of the gallant 76th and bearer of ten 'ex's'" proudly announced the boy. "Anything more?"

"What's the commander here for?"

"Ask the General. How do I know? If I knew the General well I might be able to tell you."

"He knows me rather well," said the tiny man.

"Didn't know he knew any greasers," returned the boy.

The man ignored the insult. "He knows Manuel Tranco, all right."

Dumlin stood as if transfixed. He was talking to the bandit for whom the regiment had searched long months in vain.

"I see you know me, too," said the man, noting the surprise on the boy's face.

"Unfortunately I do. What's the penalty for knowing you?"

"Oh, I'll feed you to the hogs."

"Don't matter, now that Louisa has played false."

"Who's Louisa?" asked the bandit, "the girl that lives here?"

"Yes."

"Well, rest assured she's all right."

"How so?"

"I'll tell you. We knew you came here often and we planned and caught you yesterday. She never knew. Her father is away and her mother is dead. Juan here is the guardian and also the best man I ever had under my sash."

A new determination overcame Dumlin. Life was worth living after all. He looked at the tiny man, then at the husky pair in the background.

"No use," he muttered, "they have the upper hand."

Their leader peered into his face and snarled. "The very image of your mother," he said.

"What do you know of my mother?"

"Your mother went to school with me."

"Her wicked schoolmates didn't affect her much."

"Ah! perhaps I was wicked, but now I have you, her offspring, in my hands, I shall take the revenge due me for that fatal day in June, when I was sent to a disgraceful expulsion through your mother. After you are gone, then will I explain your disappearance to her myself. Perhaps by letter, perhaps by person, who knows; no one but God."

"You were in the wrong. You forced your attentions upon her—you a Spanish scoundrel and she a descendant of Washington. You were just as much a scoundrel then as now."

"Perhaps so, but my Spanish nature speaks. Farewell." The three filed out, leaving Theodore in a stupor.

How long he lay he did not remember, when suddenly he heard a voice again. Her voice—Louisa's. He sprang up. It was night again. In the shadow stood Louisa.

"Come," she whispered; "they thought I did not know my own house."

They were in the cool air again. Louisa was turning back.

"Louisa!" She turned.

"I must go," she said, "they will miss me."

"Louisa," Dumlin held her fast. "Louisa, to-morrow Franco will be caught. Then our company will go away. I will come again, when I am older. Will you wait?"

She turned away. "Yes," she said, and the forest gathered the tan-colored señorita.

A Tale of the Black Hills

F. M. HOUSE, '11.

The sun was throwing its final shafts of light at the advancing shades of darkness, and was rapidly disappearing from sight behind the western hills. The sky resembled a sea of blood, into which the sun was sinking, as the sun of one of our bravest soldiers was soon to sink beneath a deluge of redmen, upon the Little Big Horn.

Three figures clad in the rough garments of the frontier were slipping carefully through the grotesque shadows of the woods. So silently did they flit from tree to tree, that they seemed to be unreal spirits of the woods. Their guns were clutched with firm grasps; their mouths were set in grim, straight lines, and their eyes darted keen glances from side to side, because every tree

might well conceal a painted redman. Their ears were strained to catch the slightest sound, not knowing at what moment they might hear the hideous war whoop and the crack of a rifle. These three were the cleverest scouts in Custer's command.

Before long they came to a clearnig, in the center of which stood some trapper's log cabin. The open door stared blankly at them. An air of desolation hung over the place. They carefully approached and entered. Everything pointed to a hurried leave-taking. A few traps were scattered over the floor; a pan of dough stood dry and hard where it had been left, and a dutch oven stood in the cold fireplace.

A low exclamation from one of the men caused the others to turn. He pointed through the open door. The last red beams of light were falling upon an Indian in war paint who stood at the edge of the forest. Suddenly he stooped and examined the ground, then hurriedly stepped behind a tree. He had discovered their footprints.

An owl hooted three times. Shadowy shapes now flitted among the trees. Silently the three barred the door and took their places at convenient chinks. Suddenly one of them fired and instantly the cabin was the focus of a terrible fire. Blood-curdling whoops sounded through the forest. Soon it became dark. Not the darkness of the plains, but the pitch black darkness of the woods and mountains. The rifle fire continued, with the defenders shooting at the flashes.

Imperceptibly the cabin had filled with smoke, but now they could hear the crackling of the flames. Under cover of the firing the Indians had set the cabin on fire. With the same calmness which had distinguished their actions at all times, they came together in the center of the cabin and clasped hands, hard and silently, the handclasp of brave men. One of them unbarred the door.

"We had better make a break now before they expect it," he said.

That was all. No useless heroics about selling their lives dearly, or fighting to the last ditch. They faced death as they faced life, calmly and unafraid.

They jerked the door open and sprang out. They were greeted with a great yell, but their sudden appearance disconcerted the Indians' aim, and they had almost reached the shelter of the forest when one of them flung his arms into the air and fell upon his face. The other two gained the shelter of the trees. An Indian rose out of the darkness and fired point blank at the leader, but although the powder burned his face he was unharmed. He swung his rifle and the Indian crumpled under the blow.

They became separated in the darkness, and a few moments later a sudden volley and a great yell from the Indians told the leader of his comrade's fate. He continued his flight. Bushes tore his clothes and body; roots threw him heavily to the ground; his tortured lungs seemed to be on fire and his heart seemed as if it would burst from his chest, but still he staggered on, and dawn found him still alive and many miles from the burned cabin.

For six days he crept through the forest, subsisting on roots and berries, not daring to fire his rifle. On the sixth day he stumbled into the encampment of the second division of Custer's command, more dead than alive, and learned of the fate which had befallen the other division and its gallant commander upon the Little Big Horn, the fate which he had so narrowly escaped.



The Nugget

ARTHUR W. WYNNE.

At last!

A sigh of relief went up as the first man to get on base in seven innings trotted down the line to first. The tension, which had held all motionless for so long was now broken. The spectators taking advantage of it, stretched, moved, talked, and stood up to rest their stiffened limbs. Even the loyal supporters to the side in the field were glad because of the slackening of the nervous strain. For inning after inning both teams had gone out in regular order. Often the three batters were sent back to their places in the field, ingloriously, by the strike-out route; while others had hit the ball with all earmarks of a base-hit, only to have a fielder pull it down after a hard run, or some infielder scoop it up and by an almost impossible "peg" nip the runner at first. And so, the game had gone on, working the crowd that watched into a never-before-reached nervous tension. Then with two and three on the batter Hobbs' control had faltered a bit, and the man was walked.

Hardly had the man reached first when the stand realized that the ease up of the tension was only a lull before the storm and now the strain, the suspense, became even greater than before. There was a runner on first—now what would they do? Would he score? And if he did would it win the game for St. Paul's? At present one man looked awfully big—big enough to win the game.

The batter was at the plate, having received his final orders at his bench, where the remaining St. Paul players strained forward anxiously, sitting on the very edge of their seat. He watched the ball continually as the pitcher held it, while the Tigers' captain, "Shrimp" Loster, whispered words of advice in the pitcher's ear.

As he stood waiting for the pitcher to deliver the ball, Jim MacFarland, the Tigers' first baseman, watched the batter closely, trying to notice any slight movement that might tend to give away his play. As he watched his eyes involuntarily fell upon the grandstand. It was an immense crowd for a baseball game, he thought, but hardly as great as that which had seen the Tigers defeat Academy boys in the game for the football championship. The sight of the crowd brought back that game in which his playing had placed him as the foremost half-back in the "prep" schools, and into his memory crept the memorable struggle between the Tigers and the Parrots on the day when his "yellow streak" disappeared from sight forever and with it the "birds'" chance to win the game. He looked again at the batter who had shortened upon his bat as though to bunt—to tap it but a short distance. To sacrifice the baserunner to second by a bunt was the most logical play at this stage of the game; but as he glanced at the batter, Jim could not but feel that the appearance that the batter would bunt on the next ball was only a bluff. So when Hobbs, the pitcher, sent the ball toward the plate he stood motionless as though he were half asleep. The batter's eye swept the diamond as he let the ball pass, making no attempt to bunt. He noticed that although the third baseman and pitcher were well in for the bunt the first baseman had not even left his bag. And accordingly he decided on the play.

MacFarland walked over to Hobbs and spoke a few words in an undertone and then went dreamily back to his position. No sooner was he there than the pitcher shot the ball to the bag. The baserunner dove back to first and was safe. Mac returned the ball quickly to Hobbs, who in turn threw it immediately straight for the outside corner of the plate.

The batter bunted down first, where before there had been an opening. The bunt was perfect and it seemed for a moment that the batter would be safe at first as well as advancing the baserunner; but where before there had been no one, now a human whirlwind swept. With his gloved hand Jim scooped the ball and turned like lightning, adjusted it and pegged to second, where the shortstop took the throw, who like a flash then sent the ball to first. The umpire's double cry of "Out! Out!" sounded like an echo so quickly had the double play been made. The play had worked just as Mac had planned it.

Not a sound was heard from the crowd, not a person moved. The play had struck them dumb, had left them speechless. Then after a few moments a realization of the remarkable play broke upon them and they burst forth in appreciation the like of which has been seldom heard. The admirers of both sides joined in to make the deafening applause.

The cheering and shouting had not ceased when the next St. Paul batter drove the ball over the fence for a home run. It had only been a case of out of the frying pan into the fire for the Tigers.

Had Hobbs weakened or was it just a bit of luck? Would the "balloon go up" now that they had a start?

Hobbs stopped the discussion by fanning the next batter to step to the plate.

It was the "Animals'" turn at the bat. They still had three "licks" in which to even up the score, but at the rate the game was going they would need a million. So they grasped their bats in a "do-or-die" spirit, resolving to tie their opponents immediately. The best "Immortal" Casey could do was to hit the ball to the catcher, fanning ingloriously. "The Shrimp" approached the plate from the "south side," all smiles as though confident of doing something, and he did. Very politely he "dumped" (bunted) the "little white pill" into the pitcher's hand and was out before he hardly moved. But "Lefty"—old "Lefty" Schwarz "poled" out a beautiful single.

Then Mac stepped to the bat. He had hit the ball far out on his previous trips to the plate, but always into some one's hand. Would he duplicate his wonderful fielding stunt at bat? With the first motion of the pitcher toward the plate Schwarz was off for second. As the ball sped over the plate, Jim swung viciously, missing it on purpose to block the catcher and allowing "Lefty" to steal the "keystone bag."

A clean single would tie the score now. The Tigers' rooters shouted themselves hoarse for a hit. Again the tall man in the box for St. Paul's let the ball go. A clear ring sounded as Mac's club met the ball squarely. On, on it flew. Little Schwarz was already in with the run that would tie the score when St. Paul's right fielder jumped desperately into the air and came down with the ball in his hand, making the third out and no score.

"Hard luck, 'Nugget,'" said the "Shrimp" to Jim as they trotted slowly into the field at the beginning of the eighth. "If that had got by him we would have won the game—we will yet anyhow. Humph, that was good for a 'homer' easily. What a whack!"

As he kept on his way to his place at shortstop, the "Shrimp" recalled the little meeting at which Jim MacFarland had been christened "The Nugget." It was the day after the football championship game with the cadets, when a bunch of the fellows were grouped about talking of the never-to-be forgotten struggle, which meant, of course, that they were speaking mostly about Jim. Mac's run through a scattered field, dodging, straight-aiming, shaking off tacklers, for sixty-five yards to a touchdown had turned the tide in favor of the "Animals," a favor which they had

never lost afterwards. Jim had been almost the whole game by himself, his one hundred and ninety pounds had been used to a wonderful advantage, both on the offense and defense. Of his "yellow streak," which had once been so prominent and had earlier kept him off the gridiron, nothing was seen. "Remember," the "Shrimp" had said as they played the game over again in talk, "after the game with the Parrots, I told you that the only thing yellow about him was that he ran down the field like a yellow streak of lightning and that he's solid gold." So they had taken it up. "We'll call him 'Gold,'" suggested "Babe" Kinsan, with the air of a person who discovered a gold mine or invented a new style way of dressing the hair of the fair sex. "Rotten," shouted the rest of the congregation in the same melodious voice with which they sang psalms on Sunday.

There was silence for a few moments in which many valuable attempts at thinking were indulged. At last the "Shrimp" had remarked in a voice full of pride at having the privilege of nicknaming one so important, "I have it. We shall call him 'The Gold Brick.'" He was answered by cries of "Help!" "Take it away!" "Do you think you're picking out a name for yourself, 'Shrimp'?" "This is too much," etc. But the "Shrimp" insisted; he always backed up his own ideas in grand style, and to prove what a great intellect he had, he defied them to find something better, if that were possible. Most of them had thought "Gold," bad as it was, would be a much better nickname, as it sounded like money and not like a fake. Suddenly "Curly" Musser's hair had grown straight; he was not indulging in the argument but had been thinking hard—as hard as he could. "Boys," he announced gravely, "we'll call him 'The Nugget.'" "The Nugget" it shall be," they all shouted—all except the "Shrimp," who still protested; but finally he was won over. And so Jim MacFarland, who had been "yellow" but was now a football "hero" and the pride of the boys, came to be called "The Nugget." Through all the honors and praise Jim came unsoiled, his head normal, thankful that he was no longer a coward.

The eighth inning passed uneventfully for both sides. When the Tigers were at the bat "Dick" Jones was given free transportation to first with two out, but caught stealing and sent out to right field to wait until three St. Paul men had been retired as punishment. Another chance for the Tigers to score was gone.

But now came the ninth—the last inning of the game unless the "Animals" grew ferocious and made a run. The first St. Paul man who watched three "daisies" go by him and was sent back to the bench, wondering why the umpire didn't go to see an oculist. The next batter stopped one of Hobbs' fast ones with his "funny bone" and went laughingly down to first, happy to get on by any manner of means. Flinn, the third hitter, who had fanned on every previous occasion to the plate, dropped a "Texas Leaguer" safely in left. Things began to look "pretty bad" for the Tigers. If the Catholic college men scored again it would certainly be "all off" with the "Animals." The Tigers' third baseman erred the next hit made, filling up the bags. The Tigers were most assuredly "up in the air"; their bark was becoming far worse than their bite. The infield moved in to play for home. The batter stood and let a high strike go by. The pitcher wound up again, watching the runner on third closely. "Ball one!" shouted the umpire from behind the catcher. Again the pitcher wound up, the man on third started for home a moment too soon, the pitcher seeing him start "wasted" the ball, but the batter, who had a long reach, played to foul off the ball, saving the runner. The Tigers' hopes to get out of the inning without being scored upon were lessened greatly. The batter had two strikes and therefore most probably would not bunt. The next throw was

a "ball." With two and two, all held their breath. The ball came on again, the batter stepping in nicely hit it hard along the ground toward first, for what if not a hit must surely score a runner. But "The Nugget," running towards second, picked the ball with his bare hand and without stopping pegged the runner out at home. The catcher snapped the ball down to first. The play was a close one. All eyes were turned towards the umpire. He held his arms straight for a moment, as though to declare the batter safe, then raised them, signifying that he was out. Again Jim had shut off some runs, leaving a scant chance for victory.

The Tiger rooters went wild with joy. The double play had left a little hope remaining for them. The chance, slight as it was, they grasped as a drowning man does for a piece of straw.

The Tigers had to score now or lose the game. Hobbs, whose turn it was to bat, was taken out and a pinch hitter, Damp, replaced him. Swinging two bats easily and gracefully over his head, Damp stepped to the plate, tossed one bat to the mascot who stood waiting, and then turned to face the St. Paul box-man. His every muscle was strained for the test. Slowly and deliberately the pitcher wound up, the spheroid curved over; the pinch hitter swung his bat around with all his force but failed to hit the ball squarely, popping an easy high fly. One of the three outs in which the run to tie the score had to be made was gone.

Despair was written on the brow of every Tiger on the field and stand. The game of the season, the one they wanted to win most of all, was lost. For the second year in succession the "Animals" were to be beaten by the Catholic college. After a season of excellent playing they were to lose the last game by a lucky long hit. Yet two outs remained and they would die hard, if die they did, fighting to the end.

Casey was at the plate, vowing not to duplicate the immortal personage whose name he bore. Unlike the "Mighty Casey," he did not doff his cap, and unlike his famous predecessor, he did not fan, catching the ball full on its "face" the "Immortal" drove it on a line over second for a clean bingle, and with it the Tigers' hopes rose.

The "Shrimp" advanced slowly to the batter's box, determination taking the place of much of his confidence. With an eye that comes only with experience he watched two wide balls—that missed the corner of the plate by the barest margin—go by. Had the tall man in the box for the St. Paul's been a least bit wild, the leader of the "Animals" would have worked for a walk, but having a marvel of control this would have been sheer idiocy. The next ball would cut a corner of the plate had he let it go, but his bat met it. The hit was a slow one to the college's second baseman, on which he got the umpire's decision at first.

The Tiger rooters became wild and savage as the beasts from whom they received their name. They were as a drowning man, who having sunk twice, sees a slight chance of recovering. Their hopes bounded still higher when they saw "Lefty" Schwarz was the next man to match his wits with the tall box-man. Had not "Lefty" got a hit before? What more assurance did anyone want? The game was as good as theirs already; but as little Schwarz missed the ball as he struck, they realized the uncertainty of any batter to make a hit. "Lefty," however, was not to be denied. Connecting with one of the St. Paul man's fast ones, he sent it through the infield for another hit, but which was too short to score Casey from second.

The entire crowd was on its feet now. The Catholic students beseeching their players to settle down; the Tigers' clamoring for the hit that would win the game.

Deliberately "The Nugget" picked out the bat with which he hoped

to win the game. He smiled at the pitcher as he waited for him to throw, and the box-man returned it—both smiled to hide their nervousness.

Mac's mind was made up on what he would do. All during the game he had been hitting the ball hard, and now as he came up the fielders involuntarily moved back. To still further their impression that he would hit hard, he swung with all his might on the first ball thrown, which was a strike, missed it on purpose, as he had done earlier in the game. Everything depended upon the next throw, if it were a "ball" he could pull off the play, if not—. The ball passed close to him, too close to be a strike, and his opportunity to win the game would come with the next ball.

The signal was given with the next ball; the man on third tore toward home. "The Nugget," having fooled the infield into playing deep, bunted the ball slowly down third. The third baseman came in quickly and fielding the ball, throwing while on the run to first, nipping Jim by a scant step. "Out!" shouted the umpire. And Mac was out; but what difference did it make? It was only the second out; he had done his share. While he was being thrown out at first Casey had scored from third, while the "Shrimp" beat the first baseman's throw to home. The "double squeeze" and Mac's head work had won the game for the Tigers.

The Lure of the Void

E. M. JACOBS, 1911.

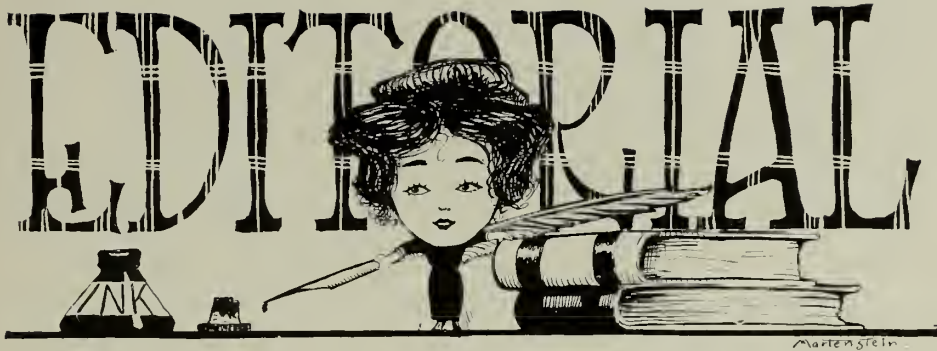
The preliminaries were over; amateurs had made their flights with varying success; professionals had gone up in their machines according to the schedule, and performed various feats that had become almost common; and still the crowd waited in suspense.

"Chick" Malton, the daring idol of the American enthusiasts, was to fly for two records, height and distance, on a straight course from Tanforan to the Farallones. A roar of cheering greeted him as he sauntered into the field alongside of his great, powerful Laclaire monoplane. He stood a moment, a slight figure clad in heavy khaki, then clambered into the driver's seat, lit a cigarette, and gave the signal to start. He started the engine, and the huge propeller whirled, men balanced the 'plane on each side for a few yards. Then he shot up. Higher and higher he circled, until man and machine merged together, became a dot against the grayish-blue, and disappeared.

Five thousand, ten, twelve, fourteen, fourteen thousand six hundred feet in the air he went, then slowly turning downward, he shut off his engine and glided, turned sharp, and in small circles, but an ever lengthening drop he hurtled toward the straining crowd beneath. He came into view, still spiraling, down to five thousand feet, then he swung in a broad circle, turned on his power, and straightening out west, sped for the islands. The engine throbbed, the propeller whirled. Sixty, seventy, seventy-five, eighty miles an hour he flew. The propeller was whistling now, but he could not hear it for the roar of the wind. Out over the ocean he flashed away from the land, and out of view. Recklessly he drove into a thick bank of fog that was rolling in. Why should he care if he could not see? He knew he had broken both records. He was master of the air. The great void called to him, and he went.

* * * * *

Out on the little wharf of the Farallones a little group of officials and government officers waited for Malton, the king of aeronauts, the record breaker, to come. Long into the night they waited, their searchlight sweeping the sky, but he never came, and no man ever saw him or his Laclaire again. He had gone down with his "ship," or, who knows, perhaps up; for he had answered the call.



THE TIGER

The Tiger is published every quarter by the Students of the California School of Mechanical Arts (founded by James Lick), at 16th and Utah Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

Subscriptions—\$1.00 per annum. Single copies, 25c.

Advertising rates upon application to Business Manager.

Entered as second-class matter August 22, 1907, at the post office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Exchanges address to C. S. M. A., 16th and Utah Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

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ESTHER BUSCHKE	Literature
LILLIAN ANDERSON	Technical
GLADYS HERBERT	Exchanges
LEONA GOODMAN	Exchanges
HENRIETTA FELDERMANN	School Notes
ELIZABETH BRIDGE	Alumni
MARGUERITE BOYD	Alumni
AILEEN EAGLESON	Shop Notes
MARION KIRKWOOD	Shop Notes
RUTH VERNON	Shop Notes
EDNA THOMASON	Athletics
HILDA BETTOLI	Athletics
SYLVIA SIMONS	Jokes
ELEANOR HAUSERKEN	Jokes
ALICE SCHMELZ	Art
IRENE SAYWELL	Art
JOHN MARTENSTEIN	Art
MEYN	Photographer

MANAGER'S STAFF.

CARMELITA BACHMANN	MADELINE BARIEAU	VIOLA WOODHAMS
	ARVILLA THORP	

Everyone searches for an idea. Finally aroused by enthusiasm, they pour in and the editors are flooded with manuscripts. But to choose from these! That is the difficult part. Not because they are so good; not because they are so bad. We do not expect you to be celebrated authors, but we do think that you should endeavor to be original, and not found your stories on those you read in the latest magazines.

The dates for material from sub-editors are set and they begin to work in order to have it in on time. Those who do not save their work to be done

the last day, but do it gradually, are the ones who get a result worthy of publication in "The Tiger."

Another thing we wish to mention is in reference to the artists of the school. There are a few who contribute and we wish to thank them, while others who could, do not. For those who have talent this is a very good way to display it, as well as to help make the paper a success.

Lastly, we wish to thank our advertisers and those who have aided us in the publication of this paper, and we sincerely hope that you will all be pleased with the second issue of the "Girls' Tiger."

LINCOLN ESSAY CONTEST.

An annual competition is held between the students of Lick and Wilmerding High Schools for two prizes, contributed by a San Francisco citizen and known as the "Lincoln Essay Prize." The first prize, amounting to fifteen dollars, is for the best essay submitted from either one of the schools, and the second prize, amounting to ten dollars, is for the best essay submitted from the other school.

Last year Lick was fortunate enough to win the prize through the ability of Miss Boyle, '12, and Mr. McNair, '11. Both of these essays were so equally good that a choice could not be made. Therefore the prize was divided equally. Students, try to win again.

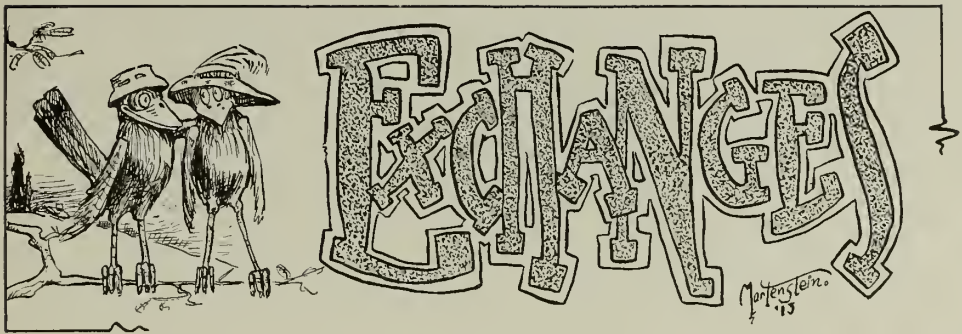
We wish to thank Miss Boyle and Miss Bachman for their special aid in the preparation of the "Girls' Issue."

Students, our advertisers are a great item in the publication of our school paper, and they deserve your support in every respect.

Many of them think it is of no benefit to them whatever to advertise in our paper, and do not feel inclined to do so for charity.

You have heard this before, but we wish to impress upon your minds the importance of patronizing our advertisers. Glance over the names in the back of "The Tiger" and so bear them in mind. Also mention "The Tiger" while purchasing. If you will all do this it will be a great aid to our paper.





The Skirmisher, St. Matthew's School.—It would be advisable to have a little better reading matter. Your paper is very neat and your exchanges are exceptionally good.

Madrona.—Your jokes are fine, *Madrona*, and that story, "Rugby—Fifty Years After," is good. Your cuts could be improved. The paper is very neat. Place your school notes farther front.

Totem, Seattle.—There is one fault in your paper and that is, that the advertisements are in front. Its appearance would be greatly improved if they were at the back. The cover of the November issue could be more attractive. But, *Totem*, your paper is a welcome and interesting visitor.

The Searchlight, San Rafael.—Your cover is very odd, but where are your cuts? Your jokes are too personal for an outsider to appreciate.

Acorn, Alameda.—Your paper is fine, *Acorn*, but a table of contents is missing. Your jokes cannot be surpassed. They are "keen."

The Red and Blue.—The article and prints on Holland are interesting. Your jokes and exchanges would be better if separated.

The Clarion, Salem.—Your material is very good. Athletic notes would be neater if kept together. Cuts are an improvement to a paper.

Commercial, San Francisco.—We admire your cover and also the splendid material beneath it.

Girls High School, San Francisco, should be proud of such a journal as you succeeded in issuing this Christmas. Your literature, social chats, headings—everything is excellent.

The Lowell, San Francisco.—You have a fine paper whose outside appearance is spoiled by the cover. Why make the material look like a fancy valentine when the material is so good? Your headings are very good.

De Sotoyoman, Healdsburg.—Your paper is one we enjoy receiving. The cuts are noticeably good and your material is both well arranged and interesting. For a monthly paper yours is excellent.

Crimson and White.—It is hard to find your jokes, but they are good when found. Separate them more.

The Oasis, Reno High School.—A few more cuts would improve the appearance of your paper a great deal.

Olla Podrida, Berkeley, California.—Seniors, you have published a fine journal. We have enjoyed reading the literary section; also the society and athletic notes; in fact everything from cover to cover has been thoroughly enjoyed by us.

Blue and Gold, Aberdeen High School.—In the *Blue and Gold* we find a very neat paper. We would like to see your literary column increased.

Tocsin, Santa Clara High, might improve their paper by a larger literary section. "Five Days" would be better enjoyed if it were not so exact throughout. A table of contents could be suggested.

De Sotoyoman, Healdsburg, California.—Your papers are too much the same. It would be better if you did not use the same headings each month.

Napance, Napa High School.—Your Christmas issue was good, but your cuts would appear at a better advantage if printed on other paper. Another improvement to your book would be to have the advertisements at the back. Your literary department was interesting and your editorials were good, as were also your jokes. Come again.

The Sentinel, Harvard School, had an interesting paper, but we advise that you do not place advertisements so near the beginning of your joke column.

Wilmerding Life, Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts.—Your Christmas issue has a neat and attractive appearance and your cuts are good. Of your literary department we consider "Max's Sea Lion" as the best story. "A Practical Joke and the Result" would be better if not so matter of fact.

Nods and Becks, Miss Head's School.—Your paper is a well arranged and interesting one, but we suggest a cut for the literary department.

The Adjutant, Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy.—Of course, more stories would improve your paper, but considering it is published monthly, the showing you make is creditable. "The Great Suburban" differs radically from the stories usually found in high school papers. It takes up a new subject altogether, yet it treats it so well the interest never lags to the end. Using photographs for tail-pieces is a great deal better than using poor drawings. The heading for the jokes is not stale and the drawing is well done. Taken as a whole, *The Adjutant* is a very neat, well-gotten-up, little paper.

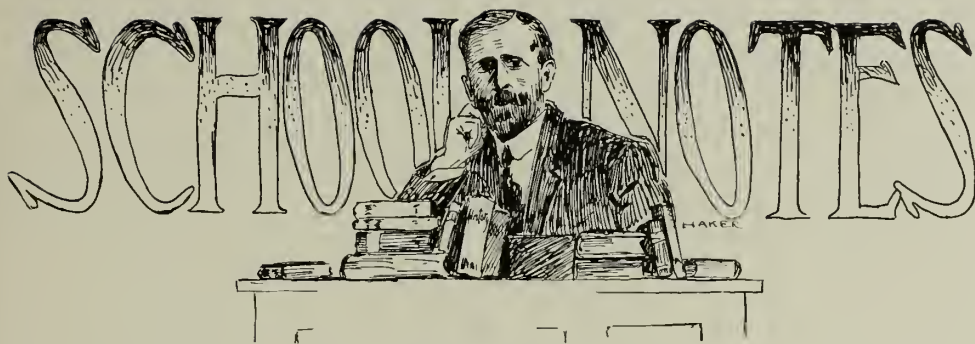
Ripples, Cedar Falls High School, Cedar Falls, Ia.—If the literary department were placed first in your paper, it would decidedly improve it. Also printing the reading matter in two columns gives it the appearance of a newspaper. Finally, your cuts show a decided lack of artistic ability. The heading for the literary department looks like the work of a six-year-old. All your cuts are too small. Your jokes are good and spicy, but local news seems to be only a list of those who were absent.

The Tucsonion, Tucson, Arizona.—Your February number is an excellent example of what a high school paper should be. The arrangement is neat and orderly, the printing is well done, and we wish to especially commend the way the idea of a Valentine number is carried out. Your literary and joke departments are very good, especially the latter, as its jokes are such that they may be appreciated by all who read them.

The Review, McMinnville, Oregon.—The material in your February number is very good, but your arrangement of it is very poor. To have upon the very first inside page a number of small ads interspersed with a joke seems to me to show very bad taste. The quality and quantity of your cuts could be increased, and with the proper arrangement of the front the appearance of your paper would be greatly increased. The literary work is very good.

The Polaris, Freeport, Ill.—Your paper on the whole is very good, but if its style were less bombastic we feel that it would look less like a catalogue and more like a high school journal. A little more attention to cuts is preferred and a little more literary work would not hurt. You seem to have the material, *Polaris*, why not cultivate it?

The Student Crier, South Haven School.—You have a neat little paper and all departments are well arranged, but the deficiency in cuts is very noticeable. Your exchange heading could be worked up. The idea is excellent; the drawing is unfinished.



CHRISTMAS RALLY.

The semi-annual recapitulation rally was held on Friday afternoon, December 16, 1910. Yell Leader Walter Leigh led the school in a snappy Bracity Ax. After a few remarks from President House as to the purpose of the rally the Lick-Wilmerding orchestra rendered a selection which was received with a great deal of enthusiasm.

Manager Erichson and Captain Halbert spoke on swimming. Halbert and Snook were awarded L's.

Miss Sophie Feldermann, manager of the "Girls' Issue" of "The Tiger," demanded ads and Miss Anna Erlandson, editor, called for stories and art work.

Sylvia Simons next delighted the students with a recitation.

Captain "Artie" Wynne was called on to tell us the plans for the coming season. He also called for new material. Fellows, support him if you want a successful team.

We enjoyed a duet by Misses Erlandson and Barieau.

Captain Henderson and captain-elect Smith then spoke to us about the track team. Get behind them and we will have another A. A. L. championship. Block L's were awarded to Rogers, Smith, Henderson, Hohman, Maynard, Walfish, Lenzen, Dunshee, Woerner, and Haffen. Ring O's were awarded the 100-lb. relay team.

The Orchestra again favored us and much applause followed.

Captain "Skinny" Wood spoke on basketball prospects and asked for support.

Gladys Herbert, the girls' basketball captain, told of the many games our girls had played and the corresponding number of victories. Block L's were awarded to G. Herbert, H. Feldermann, S. Feldermann, V. Woodhams, F. Mathis, C. Bachman, M. Mitchell.

Miss Bernice Todd favored us with a solo.

Manager Jongeneil spoke on tennis.

Hirschler spoke on the Debating Society and its various branches.

Again we were delighted with a selection by the orchestra.

Manager Litchfield then gave us an account of the finances of the football season.

Captain Paul Wetmore presented the other side, the games played and the decision of the Academic League declaring the football season of 1910 "no championship." He then presented the football used in the Lick-Hitchcock game to the school to be kept in the cup case until the A. A. L. cup should take its place.

Reuben Hills then told us the details of the protest.

Block L's were awarded to the team: Rankin, Taggart, Nash, Stuhr, T. Clark, Cowen, Barker, A. Wetmore, Wynne, Rust, Westphal, Kahrt, Holingberry, Laughlin and Newhaus.

Captain Paul Wetmore was voted his L. House, Chapman, Wood, who played in Hitchcock game, were voted their L's.

President House called upon Coach Holman and presented him with a beautiful cut glass punch set, a token from the Student Body to show their appreciation of "Sid's" effort.

Misses Barieu and Erlandson and R. Smith and H. Traynor surprised the students with a parody on one of the popular songs.

The rally closed with a selection by the orchestra.

GIRLS' RALLY.

The third annual Girls' Rally was held on February 24th, with Miss Henrietta Feldermann as presiding officer. After a few introductory remarks by Miss Feldermann, Miss Barieu, as yell leader, led a rousing yell, proving beyond doubt that she has a splendid voice.

The orchestra then rendered a greatly appreciated selection, after which Miss Erlandson spoke on THE TIGER and told us how soon it would roar.

Miss S. Feldermann then gave us her opinion of the Student Body at large for not supporting THE TIGER as they should, in the obtaining of "ads," and thanked those who had given their support.

The girls then favored us with a song, Miss Barieu being soloist.

We were next informed as to the condition of the Student Body by Miss Thomason.

After another selection by the orchestra the Senior Farce Cast advertised their play, "A Night Off," in a novel manner, each character bearing a sign and reciting some piece in reference to his or her role. They were drilled under the directions of Mr. L. Winters, who certainly made a very capable commander.

The Pastime Club was then represented by Miss Bachman, who gave us a general idea of the girls' plans, and told us of the benefit and pleasure of a Pastime Club.

Miss Betolli informed us of the tennis team and of their hopes to rise in prominence shortly.

Captain Herbert spoke on girls' basketball and told us of their fine work and the various games played.

Miss Goodman then favored us with a recitation.

The faculty game was then announced, after which the orchestra delighted us with another selection, followed by great applause.

The Debating Society and the Camera Club were represented by Misses Boyle and Lightbody respectively.

We were then favored with a recitation by Miss Simons, whose fine work in reciting always delights us.

The girls then rendered a song with original words to a popular melody. This proved highly favorable to the audience, as was shown by the applause which followed.

We next heard from Miss Barieu concerning the baseball team, and she assured us that they were certainly going to be fine.

Miss McLaughlin told us what the track team was doing, and proved to us their importance.

A quartet was next introduced, consisting of Misses Bachman, Barieu, Erlandson and Toft, who gave us the latest facts concerning popular lads of the school. These were greatly appreciated by the whole school, and the girls were given a rousing applause.

The orchestra again favored us and the rally was closed by snappy Brackity-Ax, led by Miss Barieu.

1911 DANCE.

Saturday evening, February 11, 1911, a happy group of young folks gathered in "Our Hall" upon the invitation of the Senior Class. Many thanks are due to George Higgins, the musician whose excellent music is always enjoyed by all, and also to Costa and Winters, "lemon squeezers," for their faithful services. The evening was spent in dancing.

As the tired crowd moved slowly down Sixteenth street, all declared that the "Eleven Class" certainly knew how to do things.

Keep it up, 1911. May you always be successful.

CAMERA CLUB.

The Camera Club was not mentioned in the last issue of "The Tiger," but this does not mean that the club has not been active.

A competition was held to increase interest among the members. Prizes were given for two classes of work. Mr. Christensen won first prize and Mr. Hall won second prize in the landscape class. Mr. Wormser and Mr. Hirschler won first and second prizes respectively in the portrait class. The pictures were exhibited on Founder's Day in the library.

An outing was planned but had to be postponed owing to the rain. Do not let this discourage you, for there will be an outing this spring.

Mr. Gibbs of the Western Photo Supply Co. gave the club a demonstration in printing. The members took advantage of this opportunity and were greatly benefited.

Another demonstration will be given as soon as the new dark room is completed.

The club has been looking forward to the completion of the new dark room and if nothing happens it will be ready in a short time.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society expects to be very active during the last quarter. Artie Wynne won the first prize for the best play.

This play will be produced during the latter part of the term, as will one or two others written on the outside.

Lenzen has worked industriously searching for lectures for the technical department.

CALIFORNIA ALUMNI NOTES.

The dawn of the new year saw Margo among us—fresh and juicy and direct from the Stanford Farm. He looks almost as happy as he did at Lick, so I guess the switch didn't break his heart.

Charlie Kuchel, '08, is also over here, and working hard.

Larzelere is back again after a six months' leave, and Harrison Hammond has left on a six months' leave. He stuck around and registered this spring so we wouldn't think he'd been flunked out. The rumor has it down at his House Club that there's a fair dame in the question, and that there'll probably be a Mrs. Hammond when he returns. Hammond makes sturdy denial. Draw your own conclusions.

DeLano has been nursing a black eye for a week or so. He mixed with a tub of a freshman trying to confiscate a cap, but wasn't big enough to get away with it. The insult has been direly avenged.

Barrieau is with us again, and out with the baseball squad. He's putting up a fine game of ball, and stands a good chance of making the 'varsity.

Felt and Henderson are trying to sell rival vacuum cleaners in order to clean up enough to keep 'em going. Don't know how they are prospering—except that they're still here.

In spite of the valiant efforts of a majority of his instructors, Wales is with us again. Which leads me to say that nobody flunked out, John Martin taking out a leave of absence and switching to matriculation subjects for a year to make up several deficiencies with which he found himself encumbered.

Lenzen has altered his course, and delved deep into the depths of philosophy, cheerfully shouldering six years of Latin and four of Greek. Bromoseltzer, please!

Ashley is out on the track, along with Meeker, and some of their pessimistic admirers have been assuring them that they "can't come back." Time will tell.

STANFORD ALUMNI.

Since this is the Girls' Issue it might be well to speak first of the Lick girls who are attending Stanford. For four years there has been only one representative, Harriet Park. That she has been a very efficient one is shown by the long list of activities on her Senior Record. She is the only woman who wears, or perhaps ever will wear, the Stanford block S. It was awarded to her as designer of the official Stanford medal given to those who win their block letters a second time. She has an opportunity to share her talent with others, for she is Assistant in Graphic Arts. Her drawings appear in all of the college publications. The following are some of the most important items from Miss Park's Senior Record: Member of the Cap and Gown, the Senior honor society; 1911 "Quad" Board, the college annual; Executive Board of Woman's League; staff of Woman's Edition of the Daily Palo Alto; President of Conference of Women; Secretary of Senior Class; Assistant in Girls' Gymnasium. It is very evident that Miss Park has held a very prominent place throughout her college career.

Marguerite Boyd, '10, is as fond of basketball as ever and has just been elected captain of the Freshman team.

J. Ernest Thompson, '07, was recently made a member of Skull and Snakes, an honor society for men. His initiation speech was the best and most effective. "Tommy" always does things well. His merit has earned him the same prominent place at Stanford as he held at Lick.

Who does not know "Susie" Salbach, '09? He plays on the second soccer football team. During last semester he hurt his ankle in the game, and was quite a hero for a while. Salbach plays the drum in the Stanford Band, but now he manages an orchestra of his own, which is in demand at all the big dances in and around the University.

Simon, '09, is a Los Gatos major. In other words he commutes from Los Gatos. He wears glasses now and might easily be mistaken for a professor. Miss Otto might be interested to know that he specializes in picking out "pipe" German courses. Therefore the Lick Freshman needs Simon's help when he makes out his program.

Beattie, '10, majors in Graphic Arts and has succeeded in staying here even though A. B. Clark is his major professor. He is interested in crew. On account of his stature he comes in handy for decorating purposes at Encina.

Another '10 man is Rohrbach, who is registered in Mechanical Engineering. I have been told that he spends most of his time smoking in his room at Encina, and making weekly trips to the Savoy.

Poor Margo! He has gone to Berkeley. Some people call it California, but the majority, out of respect for their State, call it Berkeley. He has entered the College of Agriculture.

"Bob" Ackerman, ex-'10, is registered in the pre-legal department. Those who remember "how that little boy can debate" know that he will make a fine lawyer.



CHIEF'S TRAVELS.

"Say, Chapman, watch that engine. Keep her oiled up. I'm inspecting to-day, going through the shops to see how that electric hoist is coming along. It's got to be good—it's for Wilmerding, you know. So long; keep your eyes open! Don't let the temperature get above 100!" With this parting warning Chief started on his tour of inspection. Chief dearly loves to inspect.

* * * * *

Up three long flights of stairs our engineer climbed. With a cheerful, "Mornin," he greeted Mr. Heyneman, who presides over the department of the "pen and rule." "Sent those hoist plans in to McLeran yet?" was his opening question. "Yes, Lyon drew the assembly and Vieth the gears, they finished the calculations about a week ago. Heard the patterns for it were nearly completed," as he proceeded to make it easier for some Freshmen who were struggling over the problems of the 3rd plate of geometrical drawing. There was a sudden commotion in the apprentice section. Chief and Hauser were engaged in a heated argument as to the merits of the heating system to be installed in the new school. The dignity of Christiansen and "Silent" Bill Moore, who were working on gas engine details, had been disturbed by this clatter. The Juniors, finishing their standard sheets voiced the same opinion.

Mr. Heymann turned to perceive the hands of W. A. Moore, Young and Small waving violently in the air endeavoring to get some of the much-needed help from their instructor. Moore won. Mr. Heymann had seen his hand first and was now on his way to help him. His troubles were centered on the drawing of a large globe map for City Engineer Manson. Chief wandered toward Small and Young and volunteered some of his ever-ready information on their drawing of an improved design for a pipe-cutting machine.

Our visitor also spoke to Drew and Diersen, who were working together. The former was scratching his pen on one of the 11th plates of orthographic projections, executed by some poor Sophomore. The latter was finishing the drawing for a coaling station.

Litchfield, with his head buried in his hands, was studying over the laying of horizontal sections for the upper casing of a steam turbine, or maybe the basketball situation. He had been oblivious to the excitement until Chief's hand came down on his shoulder. They talked for a moment. Mr. Heymann looked their way and scowled. Chief saw him. Shortly he was on his way to the pattern shop.

THE TIGER.

PATTERN SHOP.

Chief hurried into the Pattern Shop and found Mr. McLeran busily engaged instructing the Freshmen in the secrets of pattern making. "Vet" Nash, with the help of the buzz-saw was cutting-out a piece of the core-box for Trauner's throttle valve. Chief was longing for something to do. Liechsenring's governor valve for a steam turbine was lying on one of the benches. Chief picked it up and looked it over. While he was thus engaged the bell rang and Mr. McLeran's lecture was called to a halt.

"How's all the Freshmen getting along, are you working 'em hard?" Chief asked of Mr. McLeran. "Fine, they're getting on to the knack of it now. Agner, Alcorn, Nash, Shields and Bates are doing team work on the upper and lower casing of a turbine. Those boys are coming pattern makers." "Not bad at all," spoke Chief. "How about that electric hoist for Wilmerding? Heard you finished it." "We certainly did; finished it up in record time, too. Lacoste and his sophomores are pouring the molds for it to-day. Some freshmen, Fletcher, Jenevenin and Merrill, tried to finish their pattern for the scroll-saw but failed. They'll have to wait till next pouring to have it cast." "Let's go down to the foundry and watch 'em pour." Arm in arm they went.

FOUNDRY.

Mr. Lacoste, smiling through the smoke, greeted them. My, what excitement. Barney (if we may so call him) was shouting orders to some Sophomores pouring the molds for the electric hoist and the turbine castings. A mold exploded. A. R. Chapman to the rescue. Mr. Lacoste says Chapman deserves special mention for his foundry work. The boys were now pouring the gas engines. "Pretty hot here McLeran, let's go out and look over the core-house. The Wilmerding boys have constructed a new core-oven, let's look it over." The woodwork instructor found this impossible. His freshmen pattern makers demanded his attention. Chief was left alone to inspect the work of the Wilmerding boys. Barney, longing for some fresh air, joined him in the core-house and together they chuckled over the good work of the Wilmerding bricklayers. Mr. Mathis sent Rogers for Chief. The forge teacher had been called to the office. Dixon must watch the blacksmiths while he was gone. Chief left Lacoste to take up his dignified duty as instructor pro tem of the forge class.

FORGE SHOP.

The ring of the anvil welcomed the engineer teacher. Chief with a great increase of dignity proceeded to investigate the work accomplished by the sophomore blacksmiths. At every forge some fellow with a hammer in hand was striving to shape a gate-hook or a chain link.

Maynard, the Junior apprentice, was working industriously on the steam-hammer. The hammer was at last obtaining its much needed repairs.

Mr. Mathis returned and rescued Chief from a very questionable explanation regarding the staples on which many of the boys were working. Mr. Dixon, glad of his chance to go, left the shop very unceremoniously. The machine shop was the last to inspect. He looked forward to it with great pleasure for he and Mr. Sunkle were pals.

MACHINE SHOP.

Chief hurried through the locker room and ran up the stairs (something remarkable for Chief); in a moment his eyes were searching for his friend Mr. Sunkel. He asked Garcia his whereabouts. He directed him to the machinist's office. Here Chief found Mr. Sunkel busily engaged, writing a synopsis of the work accomplished in the machine shop this quarter for the "Girls' Tiger." He heaved a sigh of relief as he handed the outline for

Chief's approval. He grasped it and read. Let us glance over his shoulder and read with him:

"The machine shop is very busy at present. The two hoisting engines are nearing completion. The shop is about to build an electric hoist for the Wilmerding school. The junior apprentices are now doing the jobbing and making new parts for the hoist, to be built in the future.

"The boys have completed their exercise and are working on the lathes and other tools.

"The senior apprentices are doing the finishing work on the hoist, besides doing the repairs for the other departments."

"That ought to fix 'em up hadn't it?" asked Mr. Sunkel. "I guess—" but Chief didn't have time to finish. Smoke was coming from the engine room. "Chapman is asleep or he is feeding the engine too much oil," he told Mr. Sunkel as he rushed down the stairs and into the engine room. Poor Vail, what a scolding he received. Mr. Dixon regulated the oil. He looked at his watch, it said 12 o'clock. He grasped the whistle cord. He was very happy, his inspecting tour was complete, he could eat his lunch in peace.

SEWING.

The Freshman girls are working on the white work for themselves: some of them have begun their summer dresses; others are working on aprons for the boys. The Freshman girls are doing remarkably well for beginners and such little girls.

The Sophomores are all celebrated milliners. They have finished their winter hats, some making the soft little hats and others making buckram frames, covering the frame with velvet. Miss Eschman, Miss Fenner, Miss Kirkwood and Miss Howaker deserve special mention for their fine work. At present the girls are practicing on wire frames, which they will cover with crinolin or mull, and then the straw will be sewed on. These hats will be finished up, trimmed and given to some orphanage institution where they will be used.

The Juniors are finishing the infants' outfit and some of the girls have begun dressing the doll. Miss Philips, Miss Cahen and Miss Kirkwood are doing very excellent work.

The Senior girls have just finished making a fifteen-foot flag. There are now forty-eight stars in the field and the thirteen red and white stripes represent the thirteen colonies. The Senior girls are to be complimented on their work.

THE TEXTILE DEPARTMENT.

A new department has been opened at Lick, which involves the study of textiles. It is an interesting as well as practical course, and the girls are working industriously under the able teaching of Miss Murray.

The new class of girls who entered after the Christmas term have been mainly occupied in crocheting, and numerous useful articles have already been completed. Beside this they have worked on designing and sewing of small bags and doilies. They have also done some work in raffia.

In order to further instruct the girls in the making and value of textiles, Miss Murray has taken the class on trips to several factories, at which they have seen the method in which articles are manufactured, accompanied by Miss Murray's explanation.

Some of the upper class girls are also working in this course, and have succeeded in completing many useful things, mostly made of raffia.

The class expect to occupy the Girls' Club House before long, and preparations are now being made toward that end.

COOKING.

The Cooking Class have just completed the dainty part of the course, that of cake making and chafing dish recipes.

They have had great success along these lines and many delicious cakes have been made. The tasty filling and frosting, when added, proved a delicious confection.

The girls have been particularly fortunate this year in having Mrs. De Graf, an expert along these lines, visit the cooking department and give them a few demonstrations which proved to be exceedingly interesting as well as valuable.

Many chafing dish delicacies have been made and enjoyed by the faculty as well as the girls. This branch of the work is particularly enjoyable and they regret that it must end so soon.

They completed the luncheon work in addition and many dainty and appetizing dishes were prepared and served, at the numerous little luncheons.

They are now making preparations for the dinner cooking, which involves the making and preparation of stock soups, vegetables, meats, and different kinds of dessert.

CHEMISTRY.

Those of the Sophomores who are still taking chemistry have finished the halegons. This fact should be especially noticeable from the absence of the many and various odors which have pervaded the halls of late. The class is about to start on the simpler compounds of carbon and all are working hard in hopes of escaping final ex's.

Juniors: Our star junior, Mr. H. G. Howeisner, is still sketching water for the seniors. He has lately purchased a book, and although he is quite large to struggle with so small a book, great results are expected of him by the Seniors. He is rapidly finishing volumetric analysis.

Seniors: With the seniors the good work still continues. They have completed the analysis of numerous water samples collected from different points about the bay. Great credit is due to Mr. McLaren for his services, and for endangering his reputation by trudging through his home town with a suspicious looking demijohn. As Shakespeare says, "Oh, brave is he who invades a dry town with a demijohn," even if it is wrapped in newspaper.

The work on iron and steel is progressing well, both rapid and exact methods being used.

TECHNICAL

BUTTERINE.

LILLIAN PERRY.

The poor quality of the butter used by the lower class of people and by the French army and navy and inmates of public institutions, was such that chemists tried to find some substitute for it or to improve the quality of the butter itself.

H. Mège Mowries, an eminent chemist of Paris, found that poorly fed cows produced good butter, and from that he established a fact that the formation of butter contained in milk was due to the absorption of fat contained in the animal tissues.

Mège Mowries built a factory at Poissy, where he began his experiments on the splitting up of animal fat. The process he finally adopted consisted in

heating finely-minced beef suet with water, carbonate of potash and fresh sheep's stomachs in the following proportion: One thousand parts of fat to three hundred parts of water, one part carbonate of potash and two sheep's stomachs. This mixture was heated in a steam boiler for two hours, to a temperature of 103° Fahrenheit. The influence of the pepsin of the sheep's stomach, with the heat, separated the fat from the connective tissue. The fat was drawn off and it formed the basis of the butterine.

The modern method of making butterine is comparatively simple and cheap. The beef suet, carbonate of potash and sheep's stomachs are heated to 150° Fahrenheit. The fat is drawn off into a vat where, after being chilled quickly, it is submitted to powerful hydraulic pressure, separating it into stearin and oleon. The stearin is hard and has a high melting point. The oleon is a soft yellow substance and it alone is used for butterine making.

The compound so obtained when well washed was in general appearance, taste and consistency like ordinary butter. Real butter has a peculiar sweet taste, and it was found that the fresh fat liberated by heat or by water had the same sweet flavor. This artificial butter is of an excellent quality, pure and wholesome, and keeps longer than butter. According to French official reports artificial butter goes much further as food than the genuine article, and forms a perfectly wholesome food. There can be no doubt that a pure, sweet fat, such as is manufactured by the process of Mége Mowries, is a safer and more wholesome article than the unsavory, rancid butter which is sold so freely among the poorer classes.

The company established for the manufacture in France had, in 1874, seven factories in which 400 men were employed. Artificial butter, or oleo-margarine, can be made so cheaply that soon after its introduction in 1870 it became a strong competitor of the genuine article and was sold as pure butter to such an extent as to make serious inroads on the dairying interests of France.

BRIQUET MAKING—A COMING INDUSTRY.

W. J. UNNA, 1911.

More than one traveler has noticed the perfectly formed hills of a range lying near the railroad in any coal mining district. They compose a range thousands of feet in length, and look symmetrical enough to be artificial. The fact is, they are artificial. They are millions of tons of pure coal dust, culm from the mines, and it is wasted. Wasted, when so many poor and needy are dying for want of warmth and protection in many of our Eastern cities. It is either burned on the spot, or dumped back into the useless shafts as "filling." Four hundred and forty-five million tons of coal were mined in the United States last year. About 40 per cent. more, or about 300,000,000 tons, were wasted in doing this, and this waste was for the most part composed of pure coal dust. Billions of tons of such waste have occurred since coal mining became one of the most important industries of the United States.

In Europe such waste is unknown. In various countries on the continent the brown-coal dust common there is pressed into bricks, which are called "boulets," "eggettes," "carbonets," "patent fuel," "coallettes," or "briquets," according to size, which varies from one the size of an egg to one the size of two ordinary building bricks. These briquets make a higher grade of fuel than ordinary coal; they represent the highest grade of fuel in Europe, and Germany alone produces in the neighborhood of 18,000,000 tons of briquets annually from her waste coal.

In the United States briquets could be made of hard or soft coal, and retail

at \$1.50 a ton at the mines, when we pay from \$6 to \$8. We pay about twice as much, of course, but that is for transportation charges.

The industry of briquet-making has started in the United States, but it is still in its infancy. In 1909, the output was 140,000 tons, valued at \$450,000. This value largely represents transportation charges. The chief reasons for our small briquetting industry are, first, our large supply of cheap fuel; second, the high cost of our labor, and third, the experiments now being conducted to find a method of manufacture which will be successful commercially.

The paste which binds the coal dust together is its greatest item of expense. The cost of manufacture is about 40c a ton, but the cost of paste amounts to about 75c for every ton of briquets manufactured. Varieties of petroleum, asphalt, water-gas tar pitch, and ordinary tar pitch are some of the substances being tried as binders. The most successful so far has been pitch made from coal tar, which is a by-product in the manufacture of coke in by-product ovens, and in the manufacture of illuminating gas.

The briquet is unquestionably the ideal fuel, and as it becomes better known the demand will force the utilization of to-day's mine waste. High volatile coals make an almost, and low volatile coals make an entirely, smokeless fuel, if briquetted, due to perfect and entire combustion.

Coal is friable, and slacks if exposed to the weather for any length of time. United States government tests demonstrated that briquets withstand weather action for an almost indefinite period. These tests also demonstrated the superiority of briquets over ordinary coal when burned on railway locomotives. When used on the sixteen test trips of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway, briquets proved themselves superior in every way to coal. Ton for ton, the briquets ran the locomotives more miles than did coal, and ran them faster. Should briquets be used on all the railways of the United States, 30,000,000 tons of coal would be saved annually. Briquets ignite more freely than coal, and therefore get up steam more quickly. A hotter fire is obtained, no cinders, and practically no smoke from the stack are obtained. Similar tests were carried on on the destroyer Biddle, with the same results—favorable to the briquet.

In Belgium, the State railways use briquets alone for passenger service, and in Germany and France they are used to a great extent. The Red Star Line Steamships, says the "Black Diamond," use bituminous briquets from Antwerp to New York, but have to burn American soft coal on the return run.

On comparing both classes of fuel, it is found that better time, and at lower cost, is made when running on briquets, and it is estimated that one-third of the average coal bill is saved.

Briquetting plants are now in operation in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, Oklahoma, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Texas and Wisconsin. A huge German machine is located at the Bureau of Mines, in Pittsburg. This machine produces briquets, without the use of a binder, by a pressure of from 7 to 14 tons per square inch.

On the whole, the briquet industry of the United States bids fair for a brilliant future, and whatever the result, it means the turning of millions of tons of idle coal to some use.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

Girls, you deserve credit for the way you have supported your branches of athletics. Every manager and captain joins hands in thanking you for your support given to them.

BASKETBALL.

Although the heavy rain has delayed the principal games of the girls' interclass series we were lucky in getting two played off. The first game between 11's and 13's was played on the new basketball court on the 17th of January. The girls on both teams lacked the interest usually shown by either class team making the game far from interesting to the spectator. The fouls were frequent, showing the lack of practice on our new court. Captain G. Herbert and Miss C. Bachman threw some neat goals while the rest of the team deserve remembrance for their plays. The final score resulted in '11 the winner.

The second game of the series was played on the 25th of January between '12 and '14. The game showed more earnestness than the first, the Freshman fighting hard trying to come out the winners. The game started out with a snap, Miss V. Woodhams, '12, making three free goals within a few seconds of each other, but after this the game was rather slow. The girls of both teams were inclined to hold the ball too long. There were but a few fouls, these being caused by the girls slipping on the lines which are not as yet clearly defined on the new court. Both teams showed lack of practice but the Freshmen made a very good showing considering that it was their first game. Miss Lightbody and Miss Thorp, both of the Freshman Class, were the most promising showed by their tricky plays. The score, 14-5, with '12's the winner, does not show the real spirit displayed.

THE TIGER.

INDIVIDUAL WRITEUPS.

Gladys Herbert (captain). Clever at throwing goals, quick in action, and always where she should be. If her guard is tall she slips under or around, if short like herself she outruns her. Gladys, you are too quick for the average player. Keep up your good work.

Henrietta Felderman, also forward and never losing her head. A more perfect aim is not to be found. Who will forget that San Rafael game when she threw eighteen free goals, one right after another? The people looking on were awestricken. But not Etta, she wasn't even fussed.

Flora Mathis (our center). It is plainly shown in this instance that height doesn't always count. The centers on most all the other teams are taller than she. But who is it that hits the ball to her side centers? why, Flora, that's who.

Carmelita Bachman (side center). Little, quick, always full of life. The ball is only in the center a second, Carmelita grabs it, either starts some pretty team work or throws directly to the forwards. Carmelita is merely a Sophomore. What will she be when a "Senior?" Just class personified.

Viola Woodhams (side center). Keeps her wits about her from the moment she enters the game till the whistle for time is blown. A more steady player cannot be found.

Myrtle Mitchell (guard). Always ready and on the alert. Myrtle, your headwork has always been a feature of the game. Keep it up.

Sophie Felderman (manager). The other guard. Described as being rather tall and slim. It is said the girl she guards would like to shoot a field goal once in a while. Oh! Sophie, what would we do without that splendid guarding and that reach?

Madeleine Barieau (sub side center), has been practicing faithfully and steadily this year and is always ready to be called on. She has played in several games and is always steady and consistent. Madeleine, you ought to have come out in your Freshman year. Keep up your good work.

Words are far too small and meaningless to express the feeling of the team toward Miss Ada Roos, our coach. She is a splendid coach and understands the fine points of the game. More than that she is an excellent referee and our opponents are always delighted with the square judgment which she uses. Ever willing to be of service and always making trips enjoyable, Ada is a good friend as well as helper. It is the girls' one great wish that our team may turn out a winning team that will be a credit to Miss Roos and to the school.

TENNIS.

In tennis, the girls have greatly suffered through the steady rainfall. The girls have not been able to practice as much as they would have liked, but with the promise of good weather Manager H. Bettoli is looking out for good material among the girls. Miss Eckstrom of the Freshman girls, is showing a great deal of interest in tennis and has induced many of her classmates to come out and learn the game.

BOYS' BASKETBALL.

Lack of a place to practice and lack of a coach are the main reasons why our team did not make a better showing. The rain kept us from practicing on our outdoor court and that was the only place we had, so remember, fellows, that our team did not have a proper chance, and don't knock.

Lick vs. Sacred Heart.

Had the Wisconsin team arrived before the league games had commenced, and had changed the umpiring methods then, Lick would now be in a higher place, because the first two games were lost on account of the umpire's too strict ruling on fouls.

In the Sacred Heart game, although sadly in need of practice, Lick was the aggressor and played the best game. Lick shot more field goals than their opponents but lost the game on fouls 38-29.

Lick vs. Mission.

The most enjoyable game of the season was played Monday evening, February 13, at Y. M. H. A. The Lick-Wilmerding band was on hand and in spite of the cold a fair crowd turned out. About 8:30 the Lick team took the floor amid great enthusiasm and had a few moments' practice. Then the whistle sounded and Mission in the form of "Red" Gibbs lined up against us. Our lengthy captain got the jump on "Red" and batted the ball into the waiting hands of "Goggles" House who shot the basket. The game was singularly free from fouls on our part, the Lick boys not offending once. The game ended with the score 2-0 in Lick's favor.

Despite the great strain of watching such an exciting game the spectators still had enough strength to enjoy an informal dance for about an hour and a half, the music being furnished by the band. Here "Red" Gibbs was again in the limelight and gave splendid (?) imitations of such famous band leaders as Sousa and others.

The other athletic features of the evening were furnished by House and Rust who gave a fine exhibition of high and lofty tumbling.

Lick vs. Lowell.

The same strict rulings caused us to lose the Lowell game 28-33. Lick shot exactly twice as many field goals as Lowell but made 35 fouls, most of which were converted. The best crowd of the year turned out to the game but it seemed to be Lowell's turn to win at last.

Lick vs. Wilmerding.

On Saturday afternoon, January 28, we played our best game. Wilmerding was the runner up for the championship but they had the hardest kind of a fight to beat us. At the end of the first half Lick led by one point, and it was only after a most exciting game that Wilmerding won 25-21. Wilmerding's guards played a fine game.

Lick vs. St. Ignatius.

Our off day. After beating the college team we turned around and let the high school beat us. It was the easiest team that we played against and the team has no excuse except that all were sick. Wynne was so ill that he should have been in bed and Nenhaus and Rust were almost as bad. The score stood 33-19 against us.

Lick vs. Commercial.

Our boys succeeded in downing the Commercial team on the Y. M. H. A. court by a score of 46 to 21. It was expected that Commercial would put up a better game. Lick showed a decided improvement in team work and goaling. Woods and Rust played a fine game.

Lick vs. Poly.

The Lick-Poly game was not nearly up to the standard, none of the boys playing an especially good game. The league neglected to send a referee, and after a rough game the whistle blew at a score of 31-18 in Poly's favor.

THE TIGER.

Lick vs. Cogswell.

Lick put up a good hard fight against the leaders of the league but were not in their class. Gilbert could bat the ball where he pleased and one of his men would be there to put it in the basket. The final score was 52-21. Lick did not shoot a single field goal, 19 of our points being made by Captain Wood on foul throws, and two being awarded.

BASEBALL.

At present writing the team is not in condition as the weather has neither allowed them to practice or have many games. Competition is strong for all positions, it looks as though it would be necessary for many of the veterans to work hard if they hold their places. The candidates have been divided into two teams, "The Blacks" and "The Golds," to better test them and for experience. A most successful season is expected, Manager Wm. Moore having arranged two games for nearly every date. The Tiger goes to press before the 22nd, on which date we play Lowell the first game of the season. Fellow students, support Captain Wynne and the team, buy the tickets and go to the games. Those out for the team are Paul Wetmore, Storey, Taggart, Bondsho, Whitmore, Drew, Wynne (Capt.), Vieth, Black, Cormack, Nash, Lenzen, Klien, Hohweisner, McAbee, Laughlin, Mowder, Temen.

Lick vs. Lowell.

Hooray for the baseball team! For the first time in several years Lick trailed Lowell's colors in the dust on the diamond. On Washington's birthday Lick played Lowell an exhibition game and defeated them 8-7. It was an intensely interesting game, although marred by frequent fumbles on both sides.

Lowell scored one in the first on a combination of an error, a sacrifice and a hit, but Lick more than evened it up in their half. Wynne hit over first, stole second, went to third on a passed ball, and scored on Wetmore's hit. Wetmore went to second on an overthrow to first and scored when second baseman fumbled Laughlin's drive. Lick 2, Lowell 1.

In Lick's half of the second the big rally came off. Lenzen, second man up, hit to deep center for three bags, and came home when the second baseman muffed Cormack's grounder. Street now went to second for Lowell and D. Smith went in to pitch. Cormack and Wynne were both safe on second baseman's error, and both scored on Black's hit to center. Lick 5, Lowell 1.

In the first of the third Lowell pulled off the first of their rallies. Street hit to left, and D. Smith's hit advanced him to third. Both scored when Lenzen made wild peg home of Roemer's grounder. Roemer scored when Story threw ball away at second. Lick 5, Lowell 4.

In the fifth Lick made two more. Wetmore, whose hitting was a feature, singled to left, was sacrificed to second but was caught at home on Taggart's hit. Taggart and Story, who were safe on an error, scored on Lenzen's long single which bounced away from the left fielder. Lick 7, Lowell 4.

In the seventh, Wynne made a sensational stop and throw of Roemer's drive which escaped Lenzen.

Lowell made a good rally in the ninth and tied the score. E. Smith was safe on error. Smith and Roemer were both safe when too fast a double play was tried, and both scored on fumble of Robinson's drive. Robinson scored on Hockstadter's hit, tying the score.

With two down in our half of the ninth, Story singled, and stole second, and scored when Taggart hit safely to right. Lick 8, Lowell 7.

The game was featured by the hard hitting of the Lick team, especially Lenzen and Wetmore, and also by several football slides by Paul Wetmore. Lick won the game on her merits and will win others if the school gets behind them as it should.



WHO CAN:

Look as cheerful as L. Winters?
 Giggle as much in the shortest time as M—— B——?
 Be as sweet-natured as Louise Raber?
 Guard in a basketball game as Sophie Feldermann?
 Smile like Fred Taggart can?
 Be as classy as Alice Schmelz?
 Look as cute as Traynor?
 Dance like "Si" Hollingberry?
 Scare the Freshies like "Fräulein" ? (????)
 Mean business like Etta Feldermann?

POPULAR SONGS FITTING THE SENIOR GIRLS.

Madeleine Barieau—"All that I ask of you is love."
 Esther Bueschke—"I'm looking for a Gibson man."
 Anna Erlandson—"I want to be loved like a leading lady."
 Aileen Eagleson—"Kid, you've got some eyes."
 Henrietta Feldermann—"I trust my husband anywhere, but I like to stick around."
 Sophie Feldermann—"Oh what I'd do for a girl like you."
 Gladys Herbert—"Naughty eyes."
 Louise Raber—"Let me see you smile."
 Alice Schmelz—"Gee! but there's class to a girl like you."
 Edna Thomason—"I want someone to flirt with me."

Mr. T. (addressing class in chemistry)—Velisaratos, can you tell me what a vacuum is?
 Vel. (much puzzled)—I just can't think of it now, but it's in my head.

Flo was fond of Ebenezer;
 Eb, for short, she called her beau.
 Talk of tides of love, Great Ceasar!
 You should see them, Eb and Flo.

Hazel Rose
 Sat on a tack.
 Hazel Rose.

THE TIGER.

HONEST ? ?

Miss W.—You should not chew gum in class. If you have to chew gum chew it between classes.

Miss F.—But I always chew it between my teeth.

NAUGHTY.

Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,
Despite his love and kisses,
For while he always hits the mark,
He is always making (Mrs.)

There is a young girl, quite an actress,
Who comes late for Senior farce practice
She has proved quite a maid
And screams when "afraid";
Such a failing for this poor young actress.

There is a young Junior called "I,"
Who had quite a craze for a "pie."
Her cooking was dandy,
She made classy candy,
And then she was absent—"O why?"

TRANSACTION.

Vera (8 years old)—Mother, what does transatlantic mean?

Mother—Across the Atlantic, of course. Don't bother me.

V.—Does "trans" always mean across?

M.—I suppose so; but if you don't stop bothering me you shall go straight to bed.

V. (after a short pause)—Then does transparent mean 'a cross parent?

BUSY ? ?

Little Howard came in crying and rubbing several bumps caused by a series of "butts" administered by a pet sheep.

"Well, Howard," said his Auntie, "what did you do when the sheep knocked you down?"

"I didn't do anything; I was getting up all the time."

Evelyn made an angel cake
For her darling Johnnie's sake;
Johnny ate it, every crumb,
Then he heard the angel's drum
Calling softly, "Johnny come."

—Ex.

"Johnny, I will give you a quarter if you can get me a lock of your sister's hair.

"Gimme four bits an' I'll get you de whole bunch. I know where she keeps it at night."—Ex.

BLISSFUL STUDENTS.

He—I am sure Cupid had nothing to do with the alphabet.

She—What gives you that impression?

He—Because if he had he would have put (U) and (I) closer together.
—Ex.



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THE TIGER STAFF



NO THAT'S
IS THE REAR
ELEVATOR FOR
AN AREOPLANE

IS THIS THE
STEAM ENGINE?



TAKING SHOP
NOTES

WOULD YOU
ADVERTISE IN
OUR PAPER



GETTING ADS

I'LL TAKE
A WHOLE
PAGE

QUEEN!



Mortenson
13

Mr. Merrill, ever on a quest for stray banana peels
 Into the boys' basement room gently steals.
 He looks with pride to see the newly painted lockers there,
 And thinks, at last, "The boys really care."

But ah! What's that on the glistening paint?
 That caused our principal almost to faint.
 Strange hieroglyphics large and small
 Were written on them one and all.

"Boys all assemble in the upper hall."
 This dread summons did call them all.
 And Mr. Merrill fumed and raged.
 The result? I wonder——.

S. S. and C. B., '12.

Uncle—Do you smoke cigarettes?
 Nephew—Sure! What do you think I do with them?

POOR BOY.

Miss W.—Green, what is dew?
 No answer.
 Miss W.—Green, what's dew?
 No answer.
 Miss W. (impatiently)—Who is Green?
 Voice (from rear)—I'm Green.

The Cream Puff

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Dramatis Personae.

THE JUNIOR GIRLS.

MISS HYDE—Instructress.

THE FACULTY.

SCENE I.

Cooking Room. Time, 10:30.

(Much hustle and noise caused by fair young cooks in spotless aprons.)

MISS HYDE (taps bell)—Girls, open books to page 300, to the recipe for cream cakes. They are really cream puffs, but as cream is so expensive, cornstarch filling will do just as well. (Miss Martin turns up nose.) Attention, Girls! Miss Anderson, read the recipe for cornstarch filling. (Miss A. reads.)

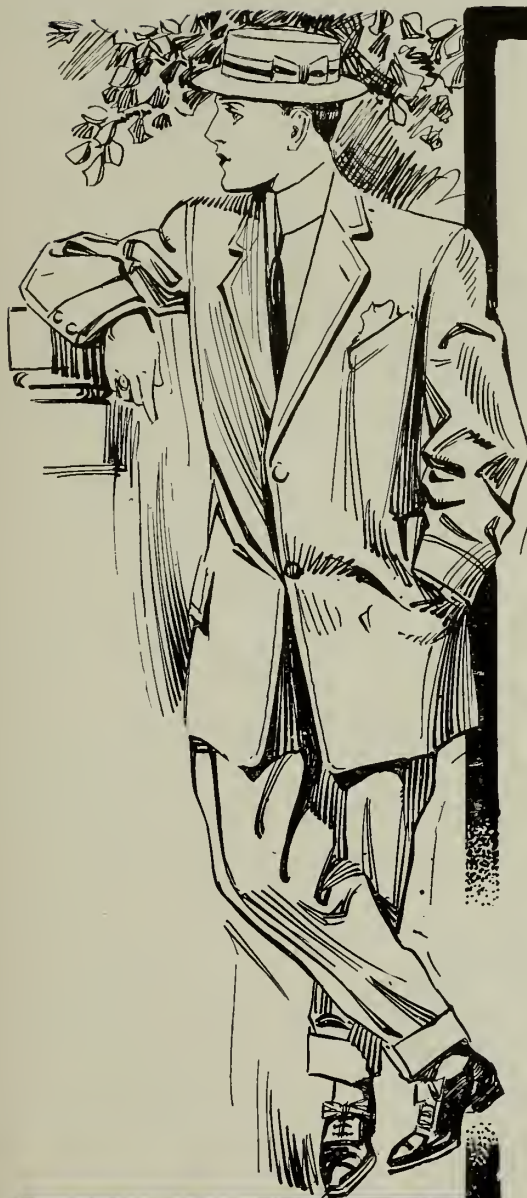
MISS HYDE—Now proceed, girls. Make a half recipe at each table and use beef fat instead of butter. (Chorus of upturned noses.)

(Girls hustle about, getting out match-trays, lighting stoves, putting water on to boil, etc.)

MISS CAHEN (a few moments later)—Miss Hyde, come and look at my cream puff dough. It is all greasy. Why Etta, all the butter is running out! What's the matter?

MISS HYDE—That's a simple question to answer. You've used too much butter. How many times have I told you girls never to use the amount of butter called for in the recipe. Always stint it when possible. Too much butter will ruin any one's constitution.

MISS CAHEN (low voice)—Now Hilda, that's your fault. You told me to use four tablespoons of butter.



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MISS BETTOLI (indignantly)—I never did.

MISS HYDE—Now girls don't squabble. The only thing to do is to put them in the oven as they are. (Takes up greasy looking cream puffs, but noticing them to be very irregular in shape, she goes to a drawer to procure a spatula. Finds a broken one.)

(Silence reigns supreme.)

MISS HYDE (with sepulchral tones)—Who broke the spatula? (Silence.) Come, girls, own up to it. It surely didn't break itself.

MISS MARTIN—I did it, Miss Hyde, a long time ago.

(All look astonished at Miss Martin.)

MISS HYDE—You did! How did it happen?

MISS MARTIN—Well, I was cutting butter and the end of the spatula broke right off.

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MISS HYDE—Well, I never heard of anyone breaking a knife while cutting butter! (Cream puffs are tenderly deposited in oven.)

MISS HYDE—Now Miss Woodham, watch the oven and see that it doesn't get too hot. Cream puffs are dangerous things to deal with.

SCENE II.

Cooking Room. Time, 11:55.

MISS MARTIN—Oh, save them! Save them! I didn't bring any lunch and I have to have a cream puff.

MISS BETTOLI—Get a fire extinguisher.

MISS HYDE (sniffing the air)—What's the matter, girls? Have the cream puffs burned?

GIRLS—Only a few.

MISS HYDE—Well, hurry and take out the others; they must go to the lunchroom.

GIRLS—And we get the burnt ones!

(12 o'clock whistle sounds.)

MISS HYDE—Hurry girls! Where's the cornstarch filling?

(Miss Hyde and all the girls attempt to fill the cream puffs at once, which are then borne in triumph to the lunchroom.)

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2. Apparatus.—A class of boys and two pretty girls.
3. Method.—Let the class of boys be placed in the laboratory. Then enter the pretty girls.
- 4-5. Data and Results.—The boys will turn to rubber.—Ex.

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SCENE III.

Teachers' Lunchroom. Time, 12 to 12:45 o'clock.

(Learned faculty seen taking their places at the lunch table and serving themselves with soup. First course, consisting of soup and crisp crackers, is disposed of. The dessert, consisting of cream puffs, is brought on.)

MR. PLUMB—Never in all my experience with cookery, and I'm a better cook than my wife, if I do say it myself, have I seen anything like this. What is it? A new-fashioned custard or a slice of green cheese?

MR. TIBBITTS (who has received a burned cream puff)—I think I'll take it to the chemistry laboratory for an experiment. It seems to be a baked apple that has undergone too much combustion.

MR. HEYMAN (glancing in despair at Miss Otto)—Was ist das? Ein Kartoffel odor ein Kuchen?

MISS OTTO—Ich weiss nicht.



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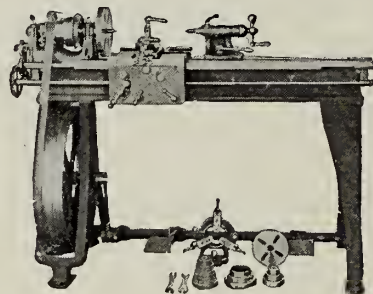


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MISS CRITTENDEN (joyfully)—Why, it's a lemon custard. Am I not right, Miss Hyde?

MR. SUNKEL (who is totally unversed in the art of cooking)—Mine's a whale (aside) what there is of it.

(Mr. Merrill, inspired by the tempting remarks he hears, begins to tackle the cream puff. Gingerly he inserts a fork under one edge, and the puff pops in two halves—one into the lap of Fraulein Otto and the other into that of Mr. Heyman.)

MR. MERRILL—Oh, I beg pardon! I was only looking for the filling. Where is my cream puff?

MR. HEYMAN and FRAULEIN OTTO—Here it is.

MR. PLUMB—Someone's been playing a joke on us, eh, Miss Hyde?

But Miss Hyde had fled to the cooking room.

(Curtain lowered sadly.)

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